



By Herbert Kaufman

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Yesterday—Today—Tomorrow.

Tradition is a bad guide—like a lobster, it leads backward. There are few fixed and inviolate rules—merely memoranda of other men's methods, measures and minds.

The sanest philosophy of each age is regulated by its lights—and our lights are always changing.

Learn to look for yourself with borrowed vision. You cannot see beyond the eyes of the original beholder.

Every ebbing tide leaves an altered shore-line in its wake. Each wash of the wave minutely wears the rocks.

Transformation is ceaseless. No two moments in nature are identical. And mankind, too, is disclosed in a different attitude at each unbiased view.

So long as the earth is subject to unremittent changes, ideas and ideals must be as regularly revised.

Peer ahead. The sunrise is golden with revelation—the here-after an inexhaustible bag of secrets. The potentialities of the future are beyond the estimate of mortal intuition, calculation or logic.

We are still comparative savages—the bones of the last cave man has not yet moldered into dust. The primitive epochs are but a few thousand years ago.

We have learned to employ only a mere fraction of our instincts. Our senses are semi-somnolent—half numb and dumb, purblindly groping for unattained truths.

Imagination, most venturesome of our powers, is a ruling force, feebly flapping on its pin-feather wings.

The greater works of humanity are unplanned—civilization is served by fumbling brains and stumbling feet.

But we have progressed sufficiently to estimate the extent of our inefficiencies, and therein is the promise of all tomorrows.

Afar, we dimly hear the tread of advancing conquerors—mighty satraps commanding legions of giants whose weapons are masked in the sunbeam and the wind and the wave and the sand.

Steam and electricity are pygmy brothers of approaching Titans who will lift planets from their studding and scoop mountain sides as though the rock were cheese.

Tradition is an obsolete schoolmaster. Cease gnawing at a skeleton—there is no marrow in Time's bleached bones.

Inspiration does not root in arid ages.

History largely is a burial ground of man's mistakes—a cemetery of incompetence. Most of its monuments have metamorphosed into tombstones of failures.

As we swing through the orbit of eternity, we slowly but surely find that dreams are the heralds of fact—that hope is not a rainbow but an arch to span the stars.

And where we now endeavor, confident that we have dared to the limit of courage and intelligence, our children will stand and deride our cowardice and ignorance.

PASSING UP THE LOBSTER PALACE WAITERS WITHOUT A TIP

His talk had drifted around to heroism, in all its thousand and one forms. The Cub Reporter was full of an incident in which a man after escaping seemingly in the nick of time from his burning home, had deliberately gone back to rescue his wife's pet dog.

"That," said the Cub, feelingly, "is what I call real heroism. Of course, when there's a human life to be saved, there's a greater incentive. But when a man risks his life just to save a poor, little dumb beast—well, a man like that is a hero. I don't know of any other man with nerve enough to risk the lobster palace of this town, but that he wants, pay his bill and then come without giving the waiter a tip. Needless to say, however, if there ever was a man with that much nerve, he undoubtedly died before lobster palaces were invented."

The Cub looked at the Cynic long and earnestly. He had a dark suspicion that he was being "kidded." But the Cynic was deadly serious.

"You don't think so, eh?" he asked, raising his voice. "Maybe he's just a kid. All right. Try it. I'll bet you the amount of your bill you won't be able to pay it. Oh, I know it sounds a little silly. But I know all about these arguments. The same when it comes time to tip. You'll find it's not so easy to get nerve enough to stand that waiter's glare. You don't know the waiter, but just the same you can't hear the night, say something mean about you when he gets home in the bosom of his suit. If you don't think it takes nerve, well, that's all. Just try it."

The Cub listened to the Cynic's outburst with ponderous gravity. When the latter had finished the Cub was silent a moment. Then he leaned forward and nudged his hat on the table.

reached out a respectful but insistent hand for the Cub's hat. The latter clutched it a bit more firmly, looked straight ahead in the fatuous hope that the boy would respect his seeming preoccupation, and attempted to stride by.

There wasn't a chance in the world. The Cub hadn't taken a single step before he knew the boy was walking right along with him. He hadn't taken two steps before he felt a touch—a very gentle, extremely respectful, but also most insistent touch on his elbow. Business of the only thing possible—graceful surrender. The Cub stopped turned and assumed an expression of inquiry.

The boy smiled apologetically, also wisely, also with a faint suggestion of triumph. He and the Cub understood each other perfectly. Also the boy knew he had all the best of it. Nevertheless, the game must be played out.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the boy, in a soothing, confidential tone, that must have required months of practice to perfect. "Beg your pardon, but your hat."

Even as he spoke his right hand reached out gracefully and easily. The fingers closed on the hat brim and pulled gently. The Cub turned and looked for the fair-haired young person who was his companion. She had gone on a few paces, and had now turned and was smiling at him knowingly. And so he muttered, frowning portentously, as if his mind were on other and weightier subjects, and strode on—first, however, accepting a small pastebored check and then, as he strode, he could actually feel that hatboy grinning to himself.

Such was the beginning. Followed a brief respite while the two aspirants for hero medals were shown to a seat and handed a menu card, the grand total of the prices listed on the menu would supply an average man with home cooking for three weeks.

While the Cub and his companion in adventure scanned the menu, the waiter hovered over them solicitously. He was a medium-sized, white-checked person, looking much better in his evening clothes than some of the guests, as afterward discovered, he was an Englishman—cockney English with an absolute genius for leaving the "hatches" of the words on the table, belonged to the "old school" where they had an earthly business. Unquestionably, as a waiter, he was a gem, an imported gem, which the once-grown article approaches, but rarely equals. He had just the right air of severity mixed with that inescapable touch of condescension which the lobster palace waiter always seems to feel for those whom he deigns to serve, and whose money he kindly consents to take, that his wife and family may continue to live in a style to which they have not been accustomed.

While the Cub and his lady were looking over the menu, he could feel that the waiter was carefully "sizing him up," going over every detail of his attire and noting a score of other little points of face and manner which are known to every experienced waiter, and which tell him whether or not the customer is "any good." Referring, of course, to the size of the coming tip.



TURNED A GAZE OF SLOW REPROACH ON HIS PATRON.

patched to bring two orders of "half a dozen little rocks."

"We'll decide on the rest later," said the Cub as the waiter, after writing the order on a silver-mounted pad, looked at him inquiringly.

In due course of time the claims made for his appearance, deliciously succulent little bivalves tucked away in the folds of crushed ice. With the claims the waiter brought tiny crisp rolls, numerous varieties of crackers, thin strips of lemon, tobacco, horseshoe and other condiments. Then he backed off a few feet and watched the pair with an expression of tender solicitude.

When the cub had eaten his second clam, the waiter came forward and bent over.

"Are they chipped properly for you, sir?" he asked, indicating that if they were not, life would no longer be worth living.

The combination of the question and the tone was too much for the Cub. He was already regretting his bet bitterly, and now, when he tried to answer, he choked on a cracker. He managed to satisfy the waiter by nodding, and the latter, smiling gravely, backed off again to return a moment later with new cubes of ice for the glasses.

he a nonchalant air. He drew out his watch and looked at it. Then he pretended to be vastly startled. "Heavens," he murmured, "No idea it was so late. Won't have time for any more. Just let me have the bill."

The waiter looked at him in horrified surprise. The idea of any one allowing the waiter to interfere with a dinner, especially under such circumstances. Then his look changed to one of sad reproach. This lasted a full five seconds.

"Very well, sir," he murmured. "It was ten minutes before he came back with the bill. It totaled 60 cents. The Cub laid out a single dollar bill.

The waiter laid down on the table and the waiter backed off, discreetly, taking care to choose a direction that just happened to the waiter, and if he had it wouldn't have made much difference. He was dead sure nobody would ever get by him. So he awaited the Cub's approach with a bland, respectful smile, holding out a hand the while for the check.

But the Cub was not yet out of the woods. At the door the hat boy was waiting for him with a bland smile. He didn't know anything about what had just happened to the waiter, and if he had it wouldn't have made much difference. He was dead sure nobody would ever get by him. So he awaited the Cub's approach with a bland, respectful smile, holding out a hand the while for the check.

He got the check, took the hat from its resting place and proceeded to give it a most careful and altogether unnecessary brushing. Then, as he handed it out, he reached in his pocket, fished some small

couldn't have asked for a dime any more unmistakably if he had bawled out an actual verbal request through a megaphone. Furthermore, he asked silently, but in the manner of one who is sure he will not be refused.

There wasn't a chance in the world. The Cub accepted the hat and jammed it on his head. "Thanks," he murmured, and hurried down the hall, where the blonde young person had already preceded him. But before he turned he noted an expression of blank amazement on the face of the hat boy, and after he had taken about three steps he heard a low but long-drawn-out whistle, a whistle that was part surprise, part chagrin, but mostly lofty contempt.

The waiters were of dusky hue in the next place the Cub and his lady visited—a great white, red and gold room in the basement of a big hotel, the very heart of the downtown section. And the treatment these brown-skinned servants accorded their patrons was altogether different from that given by the imported Englishman. Where the latter was somewhat reserved, dignified, sedate of motion and slow to smile, these products of the southern land bustled about in a sort of sublimated three-step and smiled delightedly.

There was the customary business of handing out menu cards, and while the Cub and the lady looked over the offerings, the waiter proceeded to flourish a napkin over an absolutely spotless cloth, arrange and rearrange the silver and perform half a dozen little duties, all flowing and all absolutely unnecessary. And all the while he surveyed his customers with an eye absolutely beaming.

The menu was finally looked over, and the Cub ordered a steak, potatoes and a gratin and a pot of coffee. Without saying a word the waiter somehow managed to convey the impression that this was just about the finest order that could be given, and then bustled off, promising to "have it here right away, sir."

And all things considered it really wasn't very long before he returned with the order. Gently he placed the dishes on the table, first showing the steak to the Cub to ask if it was "too rare for you." Then he proceeded to bustle around. The cafe was not crowded, so he had no other tables to distract his attention. The result was that not once during the unhappy half hour during which the Cub tried in vain to enjoy what he was eating did the dusky servant get more than six feet away from the table. Also, the Cub didn't dare so much as lift his eyes from his food for fear the waiter would take it for a signal, literally bawled out, "Yes, sir, right here, sir!"

If it hadn't been for the little blonde person on the other side of the table, the Cub probably would have weakened before the slow reproach in the waiter's eyes, and left that quarter on the plate, but he was assumed to weaken before him, so making another effort he gathered up the change, stuffed it in his pocket and rose hurriedly.

"Come on," he muttered, trying to be jaunty and falling miserably. "Let's get out of this."

And went, with the waiter's eyes following them every step.

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money, and as he counted his steps became slower and slower. Of a sudden he came to a dead stop, looked at the bill and then counted the money all over again. Yes, it was the exact amount.

"The salad was good—no?" he suggested. "And now you will have—" And the pencil fluttered.

The Cub leaned back in his chair. "The salad was good," he admitted, "also the dressing." Then he paused. "But," he added, indifferently, "We won't want anything else this evening—except the bill."

The waiter looked pained. "You—you are not pleased?" he murmured inquiringly.

"Oh yes," said the Cub, still leaning back. "Pleased enough. But bring the bill, please."

The waiter favored him with one more pained look, then turned and made off. He brought the bill back, walking slowly. As if pondering over some secret grief. Said bill was 70 cents. As in the first instance, the Cub handed out a dollar bill.

Perhaps there was an air of undue finality in the way he handed out the bill. At any rate there followed a seemingly interminable wait. The Cub and his lady talked of many things, but friend waiter did not return. After many minutes, the Cub spoke to him gliding about the party at another table. He finally succeeded in attracting his attention and beckoned him to the waiter's side.

"My change," said the Cub shortly. "Your change," repeated the waiter in a puzzled fashion. "Sir," he murmured, "I've already given it to you."

The 30 cents. Immediately, the waiter lifted off a few steps, and the Cub, watching him, saw him tuck the five in his pocket, deposit it on a plate, and then turn and stroll back.

The change was all there, and it was all in five-cent pieces, six of them being scattered about on the plate, necessitating separate trips to the waiter. And the waiter, discomfited at what he had evidently believed to be a silent command to keep the change, stood hard by to watch the piling up process to the bitter end.

And here the bad rest of nerve came in. The Cub, a second time, was puzzled. In fact, the task finally grew so difficult that, after five of the coins had been picked up, the Cub was a shattered nervous wreck. To pick up the remaining coin seemed an absolute physical impossibility. So he went the five in his pocket and glanced at the waiter magnanimously. He would be generous and give him the 5 cents.

thought he put the notion behind him and nodded gravely at the waiter. For the first time that one smiled almost kindly, and promptly got busy with a bit of ketchup, oil, lemon juice, vinegar, salt and paprika.

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